



VOL. L--NO. 16

NORFOLK, VA., SUNDAY, JUNE 9, 1895

PRICE 2 CENTS

# D. CARPENTER, 64 BANK ST. CASH OR CREDIT. FURNITURE, CARPETS AND MATTINGS!

## A FRIENDLY LETTER.

DEAR OLD COMRADE:

So you're going to get married? Well, I wish you all prosperity, old boy; And just tell the dear young lady your have chosen That I wish her every happiness and joy, I'm scarcely think 'twas true when first I heard it, You were always so afraid of making slips, But as long as you have mustered up the courage Let me give you one or two good friendly tips.

Always give your wife her way when she is talking, And whenever she asserts that black is white, Never let her think you doubt her for a moment, But stand right up and swear that she is right, And in after years when comes the bonouncing baby, Who screeches till your head is fit to crack; Every night you must walk up and down the carpet; But for pity's sake be careful of that tack.

There's another thing 'tis well for me to mention, And I know 'twill save you money in the end, When you're starting in your little home to furnish, Be very cautious where your cash you spend, There are many who sell furniture in Norfolk, And if memory serves me aptly in this case, There was only one when I was there who snited Every person who would patronize his place.

Such a lot of goods you never saw together, Every article that housekeepers require, Selling with a guarantee of satisfaction, And at prices just as low as you desire, I am sure that if you pay this place a visit, Ere the time to get your furniture is nigh, When you see the sweeping bargains that are offered At no other place you'll ever want to buy.

Now, dear comrade, I am going to close my letter, In the hope that you'll enjoy true happiness, But, hold on, about that man who sells the Furniture, I forgot to give his name or his address, 'Tis a large and lofty pile of brick and mortar, And D. CARPENTER'S the name above the door, When you see the crowd on Bank street going to it You can follow it to Number Sixty-Four.

## BEDROOM SETS!

SOLID OAK, WELL MADE AND WELL FINISHED,

**\$16.00 TO \$150.00.**

Man wants but little here below, while in this earthly school, But while the weather's as it is, he wants that little COOL.

—BUY ONE OF OUR ELEGANT—

## SOLID OAK REFRIGERATORS

And keep cool. From \$12.00 to \$50.00. Prices to suit everybody.

## Baby Carriages.

## Fancy Mattings.

In great variety. We have reduced our 30c. Matting to 20c., and those which have been selling at 35c. to 25c. Come in and get one of our JAPANESE FANS and buy a NEW MATTING.

## Clocks, Lace Curtains, Bookcases Wardrobes and Cabinets.

## A NEW LINE OF CARPETS!

Latest designs and patterns just received. Come to see us, we'll do you good.

## MOSQUITO CANOPIES.

Look out for our prices next week. Then you will find the best and cheapest line that was ever offered to the public in this city. This is not humbug, but facts. We are determined to make a special run on Mosquito Nets. Look out for us.

CASH OR CREDIT.

EASY PAYMENTS.

FULL VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY!

## WHY THEY GOT MARRIED.

Let me tell you a story full of love and pride and glory, How a pair of happy lovers made their minds up to get wed; In the garden sat sweet Mary, bright and gay as any fairy, And beside her John was sitting, listening to the words she said.

"John," said she, "look not so lonely, don't you know I love you only? Let us banish all forebodings and be happy while we may, While the twilight shades are falling, and the whippoorwill is calling, Let us lay our plans together for our happy wedding day.

"Ah!" said John, "for that I'm longing, still disheartening thoughts come thronging; Everything is so expensive, wheresoe'er I chance to roam. And although I've got some money, still not quite enough, my honey, To meet the grasping merchant's prices when we furnish up our home."

Then said Mary "Do not worry, though to wed we're in no hurry, Still the sooner we are settled, 'twill be best for you and I. I can tell you where a place is, that all Norfolk fairly graces; Where there's Furniture in plenty, and the prices are not high.

As through town you go a shopping, into various places stopping, You will see the name of CARPENTER above a spacious door, Where good FURNITURE they sell you, if you ask them they will tell you They're located up on BANK STREET, and their number's SIXTY-FOUR.

All their goods they sell at prices that the lightest purse entices—Rugs and Carpets, Beds and Bedding, Dining-Room and Parlor Sets, Everything in choice selection, FURNITURE to stand inspection, They will sell to us at bargains that can never bring regrets."

"So, Dear John," said pretty Mary, "things don't now look so contrary; There's a bright and golden prospect yet in store for me and you, And though we can't afford a carriage, let us not put off our marriage—With a little cash it will surprise you what D. CARPENTER can do.

MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED.

TELEPHONE NO. 704.

# D. CARPENTER, 64 BANK STREET.

## TIME TO GO FISHING.

THE PRESIDENT SETS THE PACE AS AN ANGLER FOR TROUT.

Public Men Generally Love to Cast the Fly—Good Fishing Grounds in Various Sections of the Country—The Knowing Bullhead.

Not all the presidents of the United States have been fishermen, but it has been some years now since the White House has been occupied by a man who did not delight to cast the fly. Grover Cleveland is indeed a mighty skillful angler, and many a political opponent there is no doubt who reads with interest every spring of the first trout caught



MR. CLEVELAND AND HIS TROUT.

by the man who has been so big a factor in this nation's government ever since 1884.

Nowadays Mr. Cleveland fishes for the speckled beauties with a fly only, and the handsome specimen that was taken from the water the other day by the chief executive was caught with the most modern of tackle. Time was, however, when Grover was a country boy, that, like all the rest of us, he did his best fishing with a worm for bait. Per-

erhaps he used an ordinary "fish line" and a pole out in the woods, and maybe he spit on the worm after its impalement in order to increase its attractiveness to the hoped for victim. Possibly his line was a horsehair, skillfully twisted with two quills, and he may have used aniseed oil to attract the fish, but which ever method he used there is little doubt that he enjoyed trout fishing as heartily in the days when he made use of the humble worm as now, when he is an expert fly-caster.

It may not be so, but it must seem to the general reader that the men who engage in public affairs are more generally devoted to angling than are those of any other class. Certainly a larger proportion of those whose names are often seen in print than of the ordinary run of men make fishing a regular amusement, so to speak, though this may not be because public men and men of affairs are of necessity anglers. It is more likely due to the fact that men who have won enough prominence to be often mentioned in type must have also reached a degree of financial independence that makes it possible to spend the time—which you will remember is money—for fishing. At any rate, prominent men like to fish and do fish, and we are all privileged to read of the fun they have, whether we ourselves can afford to fish or not.



FISHING COTTAGE ON RANGELEY LAKE.

United States Senator and ex-Secretary Redfield Proctor of Vermont is one of the most devoted fishermen in the country, and at the very moment you are reading this he is probably fly casting for trout in a noted little pond on the top of Pico, one of the Green mountains, away back from everywhere and accessible only by a difficult 12 mile drive over hilly roads from Rutland. The senator has recently purchased this pond and similarly named vales, and many more pools, such as Hot Hole and the like, are at this moment being whipped most vigorously and successfully.

Of course the fishing of New England is not confined to Vermont and New Hampshire. Maine is one of the most famous of fishermen's states, and the Rangeley lakes are among the most famous of fishermen's lakes. He who casts his flies on the lakes of Maine must

needs possess an agile tongue and an Indian rubber jaw if he would tell his friends where he has been a fishing, for he must be able to correctly pronounce such combinations of letters as Cuspsup-tie and Moosehookmegantic, to say nothing of Sebago, Memphremagog and Pushue. Muskellunge and bass and perch as well as brook and lake trout and salmon are to be found in some of the Maine waters, and no doubt pickerel, pike and other varieties, though the professional writers of Maine angling do not deign to say anything about such plebeian fish as those last named.

All through the New England states mentioned the greatest pains have been taken to make good fishing a permanency, and with great success, but in the minds of some their waters are not such desirable fishing grounds as those in which black bass are the chief fish. New Jersey and New York furnish excellent bass fishing, as well as some trout fishing that is not to be sneezed at by any means, and the man who has hooked the gony bass from the pellucid depths of Hopatcong and Greenwood lakes in Jersey and trout in the Adirondacks is as partial to his favorite fishing places as are those who angle in New England. There is fine sport to be had, too, in the St. Lawrence, and all along the chain of the great lakes from the Thousand Islands to Duluth.

Pennsylvania is a fisherman's heaven, too, as every one knows, and, in fact, there is good fishing in every state and territory in the Union, to say nothing of Canada, some of whose lakes and streams are almost overflowing with finny beauties. At this time of the year, when the open season is begun or about to begin everywhere, the number of happy fishermen who are taking prizes from the streams and lakes must be very large. You and I, reader, wish them all every success and sufficient invention to tell good stories of their achievements whether they catch many fish or not, since more anglers' reputations undoubtedly depend on well conceived, well related yarns than on actual strings of fish.

The late Seth Green, who was called the Father of the Fishes because of his efforts, which were successful, in the di-

rection of scientific fish culture, used to say that of all fish native to the fresh waters of America none was of better flavor than the generally despised bullhead, which, he said, if as scarce as the brook trout, would bring as good prices. Mr. Green was a close student of the ways of fishes and once told the writer that he had no doubt that some species knew how to communicate ideas—in other words, to talk after their own fashion, though they cannot make sounds.

He held that bullheads were far more intelligent in the care of their young than most fish. He said that after mating the female of this species digs a hole in the side of the bank or in the bottom of the pond and then excavates a sort of cave about 2 feet across and 6 or 7 inches deep. After the spawn is deposited the water is fanned and the dirt so kept from the spawn. The eggs hatch about five days after they are laid. When the fry are hatched out, they lie around a few days until they are able to follow the mother. She then cares for them and teaches them to feed, just as a hen teaches her chicks, and it takes three or four weeks for the young bullheads to learn to provide for themselves. As soon as they have learned this lesson the parent fish drives the young from her. Mr. Green said that the black bass was the only other fish that he knew of which so protected its young, and he declared that, although the story was indeed a fish story, it was a true one.

Writing of bullheads, by the way, reminds me of a bullhead story I heard once that might do well to wind this article up with. It does not come from so unimpeachable a source, however, as



THE FESTIVE BULLHEAD.

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Seth Green. It originated in Mayville, Wis. Near that place there was, in 1860, a lake which is now Horicon marsh. The winter of that year was very cold, and the ice froze two feet thick and solid, without a single hole or break through which the fish in the lake could get any air. Consequently the fish—all bullheads—in order not to be smothered to death, swam up the channel of the Rock river to the Kekoskee dam, where there was an air hole. So numerous were the fish that they filled the channel completely, and when the air hole was reached those in the lead were crowded out upon the ice in great numbers by those in the rear. "Great numbers" is a faint way of stating the facts as related to my informant. There was a perfect geyser of bullheads, and it lasted for a day. There were so many of them that they sold for 25 cents a wagon load, and the people of the vicinity lived on the fish for weeks and had to use several hundred loads for manure.

You may doubt this much of the story, and therefore I will not relate the remainder. If you ever go to Mayville and ask about the bullheads of Kekoskee and the expressman, named Brush, who fed his hogs and his horses on them for two months, you will get the whole yarn, and then you will see that I have only begun it. CHARLES APPLEBEE.

### A Carpenter's Good Luck.

John Clark, a carpenter, living at No. 64 K street, N. W., Washington, D. C., has had a run of luck which he will never forget. For two years he has suffered with sore and swollen feet, but could get no relief until he tried Quaratol, which has cured him, as it has hundreds of others. Quaratol will cure burns, scalds, cuts, wounds and all skin troubles. Fifty cents a bottle at drug stores.

### A Child Scalded.

A young child of Mr. S. C. Shane, living at No. 601 Church street, Norfolk, Va., was painfully scalded some time ago. Mr. Shane applied linseed oil and other remedies, but the little one got no better until he tried Quaratol. In a letter he praises Quaratol, which is sold by all druggists at 50 cents a bottle. Quaratol cures burns, scalds, cuts, wounds and all skin troubles.

### Facts About Apples.

The market for American apples is something the high protection advocates declared would be ruined by the new tariff bill, but Consul General De Kay, at Berlin, sends word that American shippers have found a fine demand in January that augurs well for the future. Since last September 1,443,592 barrels of apples have been sent to Europe, as against 198,706 barrels in the winter of 1893-4. This means a permanent market in the future, with handsome profits. The demand in France and England for American apples is growing, and Germany presents an opportunity that traders find of the most attractive character under the new tariff schedule. Of course the harvest will be just what the growers make it.—Philadelphia Times.

An Object Lesson In Republican Fidelity. "Those innocent people who imagine that the Democratic party is all bad and the Republican party all good," says the Boston Herald (Ind.), "have only to turn their eyes to New York to obtain an object lesson on this point amply sufficient to correct such a delusion. The Republican party cannot even be used to promote a reform there, when in the narrowest party sense it is for its interest to do so. So inherently corrupt is it in the man who controls it that he is ready to sacrifice his party itself rather than lose opportunities for himself to continue in corruption."

### He Does It Well.

Governor Matthews of Indiana thinks it will be ex-President Harrison who the Philadelphia Record. "Reed," he says, "does not know where to jump on the financial question, and McKinley is closely connected with another subject, which will not cut much figure in the next campaign." If it should come to jumping, Mr. Harrison might display unrivaled agility. At present he doesn't jump; he simply straddles and does the trick beautifully.

### The Politician's money.

"Are you for silver or gold?" asked the statesman. "That depends," replied the politician. "Which have you got?"